# TINA MINA

DOROTHY MAYER

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
ROBERT NATHAN

$1.50

# LITTLE RAG DOLL

*By Ethel Calvert Phillips*

THIS is the story of a Little Rag Doll who ran away from home because Harriet Ann didn't know how to treat a doll, and didn't even give her a name. So the Little Rag Doll called herself Dilly and set out to find a happier home. In the huckleberry patch shabby little Dilly met a fairy, Mrs. Thimbletop, who longed to go housekeeping. So gay Mrs. Thimbletop and gentle Dilly walked off and came at last to a little girl's playhouse, nicely furnished and empty, except for a plump cat, Grandma Reddy. The three agreed to go to housekeeping.

There are eighty pictures, four in color, by Lois Lenski.

# TINA MINA

DOROTHY MAYER

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# TINA MINA

BY

DOROTHY MAYER

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY

ROBERT NATHAN

BOSTON AND NEW YORK

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TO
JANE, JOHN
AND
BILLY

## NOTE

The Heroine of these tales pronounces her name Teena Meena.

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# TINA MINA

## I

### TINA MINA TRIES TO BE HELPFUL

No, Tina Mina is not the name of a pet caterpillar, nor is it the name of a fancy custard pie. Tina Mina is the name of a little girl — and she was a good little girl, too. She always did as she was told; she never whined; and she tried her best to be helpful. But she had one great fault: Tina Mina was not nearly so clever as she thought she was. In fact, she was a very stupid little girl; oh! such a stupid little girl. Every one who knew her well agreed to this, and, strange to say, Tina Mina did not grow wiser as she grew older the way most people do. Just wait and see.

Tina Mina was almost five and a half

years old on this day which you are going to hear about, and so she thought that she was very old and very wise — old enough and wise enough to do almost anything. And, as she was growing up, she wanted to be a help to every one.

Now, it was Nursie's day out and Tina Mina told Mommie not to bother to look after her. For she would take care of herself, she said. She would be a helper instead of a nuisance, thought Tina Mina, and she smiled sweetly.

Mommie was delighted to think that her little daughter was growing up, and so she let Tina Mina take care of herself for one whole afternoon.

The first thing that Tina Mina did was to change her dress. But instead of putting on the nice clean clothes which Nursie had carefully laid out for her, the silly child picked up her dirty dress that

was lying in a heap on the floor and put it on. A squashed piece of chocolate stuck to the skirt and there were egg stains all over her crumpled collar. Oh, what a sight she was! But Tina Mina thought she looked very well, indeed, and she ran quickly to show her mother. She was smiling all over.

But Mommie did not smile. Instead she said: 'Tina Mina, if any one saw you, they would think that you belonged in the garbage can. Go out and wash your face and brush your hair. I hope you will be better at that than you are at dressing yourself.'

So Tina Mina trotted off to her room to get her brush, but she could not find it. I really do not think she looked very hard. 'Perhaps a toothbrush will do just as well,' she said to herself and went to get it.

Now there was a little toothpaste

still on the brush, and it stuck to Tina Mina's curls and made them all white and sticky.

But when Tina Mina saw herself in the mirror, she thought her hair was very pretty, the prettiest it had ever been in fact. She thought she would see what else she could do with the tooth-paste.

She squeezed a lot of it out of the tube, and made three long curvy white worms. She was enjoying herself immensely. She was just about to brush

her teeth with a whisk broom, when luckily Mommie came into the room.

Mommie snatched the whisk broom out of Tina Mina's hand. 'Whatever are you doing? Tina Mina, you are a mess from head to foot! Oh, I thought you were old enough to take care of yourself! I see now that you are a very stupid little girl. Come here!' And Mommie had to wash Tina Mina's hair and clean up after her.

Now you would think that Tina Mina would have learned from this that she was not very helpful. But Tina Mina learned no such thing. Far from it!

A little later, while Mommie was resting, Tina Mina said to herself, 'I will help Annie cook the supper,' and with that she bounced out to the kitchen. 'I am here,' she announced proudly.

'I see you are,' answered Annie. She did not seem altogether delighted.

'And I have a wonderful surprise for you, Annie. I am going to help you,' continued Tina Mina.

Tina Mina hoped Annie would jump up and down and clap her hands when

she heard such good news. But Annie did not do any such thing. She only frowned and mumbled something about bothersome children. Tina Mina ran right to the ice box and poked her

whole self inside. But Annie pulled her out quickly before any damage was done. Next Tina Mina offered to dry the dishes. It was such fun to see them pop out of the dishcloth and split to pieces on the floor. So she picked up two hot soapy plates, and bang! they

dropped from her hands. Tina Mina picked up another plate and dropped

it, and she was just about to pick up four glasses all at once, when Annie caught her by the arm.

'Here; I'll not have any of that kind of help, young lady. You sit still and don't meddle.' And she plumped Tina Mina down on a chair.

Tina Mina hated sitting still. It was like being punished. So she scraped her chair back and forth. Then she scraped her chair again.

Annie did not like the noise one bit.

She began to grow very cross indeed — but she didn't say anything. She went to the stove and jerked open the oven.

'Um,' said Tina Mina. 'Something smells very good.'

'Squash pie, young lady.'

'Oooo, I love squashed pie. I'll help you squash it.' And then, before Annie could stop her, Tina Mina sat right in the middle of the pie. 'There, that is squashed good and proper,' said she.

She looked up at Annie as if she expected a prize. But she did not get a prize. She got a big push from Annie with the request that she leave the kitchen at once. Tina Mina left.

She was going back to Mommie, when the doorbell rang. Mommie peeked out of her room. 'Oh, dear, I hope that is not a visitor,' she said.

But it was a visitor — old Mrs. Crash. And Mommie had to hurry to slip on a clean frock. She asked Tina Mina to tell Mrs. Crash that she'd be right in.

Tina Mina ran off to the sitting-room.

'How do you do, Mrs. Crash,' she said politely. 'I'll entertain you until

Mommie comes. She's very busy. She was hoping no visitors would call.'

Mrs. Crash stood up. 'If that is the case, I shall leave at once.'

Tina Mina thought the lady looked angry. So she explained. 'You mustn't go, Mrs. Crash. Mommie will say she is delighted to see you, even if she isn't.'

Tina Mina thought that she was saying the right thing and the politest thing, too. But Mrs. Crash did not think so. She straightened up and, without another word, walked out of the house.

Soon Mommie came. She was surprised not to see Mrs. Crash.

'I think she must have forgotten something, Mommie. She went away.' And Tina Mina told what had happened. And when she had finished, Mommie looked hard at her daughter and said, 'Tina Mina, you are no help at all.'

But Tina Mina was not discouraged. She kept right on helping. She even sprinkled the embroidered flowers on her bedspread to make them grow.

By this time, Mommie was quite worn out. 'Tina Mina,' she said, 'I don't ever want you to help me again.'

'Not even when I am six and a half years old?' asked Tina Mina.

'No,' Mommie replied. 'Not even when you are thirty-three whole years old!'

## II

## TINA MINA TELEPHONES

Tina Mina was now six years old. She had often heard her mother and her father speak over the telephone and she had often said, 'I am old enough to telephone, too.' But all the same, she had never been allowed to do so.

But this particular day was different. It was Aunt Elizabeth's birthday, and Tina Mina begged to be allowed to call her up and wish her many happy returns of the day.

'All right,' said Mommie. 'You may telephone to her, and I'll help you get the number.'

Tina Mina was so excited that she turned two somersaults in the air. 'Let *me* find the number, Mommie.'

So Mommie left the room and let Tina Mina do everything by herself.

Then Tina Mina went to the telephone. She put her ear against the

mouthpiece and spoke into the wrong end of the telephone. 'Operator, please give me my number,' she said.

But of course the operator did not answer her. Instead, there was a funny clicking sound in the telephone. 'Please, operator,' Tina Mina repeated, 'give me my number.' But still no answer came. Tina Mina waited and waited.

Just then Mommie looked in, and saw what Tina Mina was doing. 'You stupid girl,' she said. 'You do not even know how to hold a telephone,' and she

showed Tina Mina the right way to do it. 'Aunt Elizabeth's number is Riverside 2345,' she added, and went away again.

Tina Mina took up the telephone

again. But what number do you suppose she asked for? Riverside 4567!

She waited breathlessly, and then at last a hoarse voice answered her. 'It doesn't sound a bit like Aunt Elizabeth,' thought Tina Mina, but she went right ahead and said, 'I wish you many happy returns of the day!'

'Many happy returns of the day!'

answered the voice. 'What do you mean by that? Here I am sick in bed, and you ring the telephone right in my ear.' The voice was very angry.

'Oh,' said Tina Mina, very much surprised, 'I'm so sorry that you are ill, Aunt Elizabeth, and on your birthday, too!'

'It is *not* my birthday,' said the voice, angrier than ever. 'And what is more, I am *not* Aunt Elizabeth. I am an old man, and I am ill.' And this

person hung up the receiver without even saying 'good-bye.'

Then Tina Mina began to think that she must have called the wrong number.

Next time she asked for Riverside 5678. A man's voice said, 'Good-morning, Madam, what can I send you to-day?'

'Aunt Elizabeth, please,' Tina Mina replied.

'Aunt Elizabeth? What do you mean "Aunt Elizabeth"? May I send you some nice lamb chops for lunch, Madam?'

'No,' said Tina Mina, 'I want Aunt Elizabeth.'

'Well, you can't have Aunt Elizabeth here. This is the butcher. Good-bye.'

Tina Mina thought that she must have called the wrong number again.

Although she did not want any one to know the trouble she was having, in the end Tina Mina had to ask Mommie for the number once more.

'It is Riverside 2345, silly Billy,' Mommie repeated. 'Don't forget it this time.'

Tina Mina did not forget it. She said it over and over and over again to herself. 'Riverside 2345, Riverside 2345.' She could think of nothing else. 'The number is Riverside 2345,' she said again as she ran towards the telephone. She could not even think to look where she was going, and all of a sudden she bumped straight into Annie who was dusting in the hall. And instead of saying, 'Excuse me, Annie,' she said,

'Excuse me, Riverside 2345,' and ran on again.

Nursie, who was standing at the end of the hall, called Tina to come and have her orange juice. 'All right, Riverside 2345,' said she very politely,

and being a good little girl she went at once to Nursie.

But by the time Tina Mina finished her orange juice and returned to the telephone, she had forgotten the num-

ber again. 'Excuse me a minute,' she said to the operator. 'I'll be back soon.'

And so Mommie had to tell it to her once more, and this time Tina Mina gave the number right, and Aunt Elizabeth herself answered the telephone.

But when this happened, Tina Mina was so surprised that she forgot what she was going to say.

'Merry Christmas to you, Aunt Elizabeth.'

'Merry Christmas? Whatever are you talking about, child?'

'Oh, Aunt Elizabeth, I forgot. Happy New Year!'

'Why, Tina Mina, this is summer; you can't be wishing me a Happy New Year *now*.'

'No,' said Tina, 'I suppose not. But why *have* I telephoned you?'

'I will tell you,' replied Aunt Eliza-

beth, laughing. 'You have telephoned me to wish me a happy birthday!'

And then Tina Mina remembered. 'Happy birthday!' she cried out. 'That was it! I wish you many happy returns of the day!'

Later, Tina Mina remarked to her mother, 'Telephoning is as easy as pie — if you are at all clever.'

Mommie agreed with Tina Mina. 'Yes, dear, it is easy, *if* you are clever.' At which, Tina Mina nodded her head wisely.

But, although Tina Mina never could understand it, perhaps you can see why she was not allowed to telephone again until she was seven and a half years old.

## III

## TINA MINA PLANTS A GARDEN

TINA MINA was now six and a quarter years old. One day she asked her mother if she might plant a garden. Mommie said she might try. But she wondered what Tina Mina would be able to raise.

Tina Mina thought a minute. Then she said: 'I'll have radishes for Daddy and I'll have beets for myself. I want beets, 'cause they grow fast and beat all the other plants. That's why they're called beets. See, Mom?'

But Mommie didn't answer.

Tina Mina went right on chattering. 'I am going to plant two special surprises for you, Mom. But I won't tell you what they are. I will have flowers, too. I will plant a cauliflower.'

'That is not a flower,' said Mommie. 'Cauliflower is a vegetable, and you will find it quite hard to grow. If you want something pretty, why don't you raise snapdragons?'

'Snapdragons!' said Tina Mina. 'Oh, Mommie, those are terrible animals

and they would eat me up.'

Mommie told Tina Mina that they were plants, and not animals at all, but still Tina Mina was not satisfied.

Being a good little girl, however, she said she would plant the seeds in her garden.

'No one can come in my garden after I have planted it,' said Tina Mina. 'I will put a border of poison ivy around it to keep people out.' And she started off to gather the ivy.

Mommie stopped her. She looked hard at Tina Mina, and then said a good many things to her. In the end Tina Mina did not plant poison ivy. But she got to work on her garden right away. 'Don't help me, Mom. I will call you when I am ready.' Then she went off skipping.

First, she pulled out all the weeds, and, instead of throwing them away, she made a big bouquet of them to give to Nursie. Next, she raked the ground slowly with one of her Mommie's best silver forks.

Then she started in to plant. She took a package of radish seeds and a package of snapdragon seeds, and she dug two very deep holes, and into one hole she put the entire package of radish seeds, paper and all, and in the other hole she put the entire package of snapdragon seeds, paper and all. Then she filled in these holes with dirt.

Then she began to be frightened again when she thought of the snapdragons.

'I'd better be careful of them, anyway,' she thought, and suddenly she had a fine idea. At least *she* thought it was a good idea. She ran into her nursery and brought back the top of her bird-cage and put it right over the spot where she had planted the snapdragons. '*Now* they won't be able to eat me up!' she cried, and she clapped her hands with joy.

'Tina Mina,' called Nursie from the house, 'your canary has flown away!

Why did you let him out of the cage, you stupid girl?'

Tina Mina explained to Nursie, and Nursie shook her head. 'Tina Mina,' she said, 'you are a nice girl, but you have no sense at all.' And she went into the house.

But Tina Mina paid no attention.

Now she was ready to plant the two surprises.

She looked around to be sure that no one was watching her. I will tell you

one of the surprises. She took some eggplant seed and sprinkled it in the soft, brown earth.

Now you must know that Tina Mina was so stupid that she actually believed a hen's egg could grow on a plant.

'There,' she said happily, when she had put the seed in the ground, 'when that eggplant has grown big enough, I will come out every morning and pick two nice fresh eggs — one for Dad, and

one for Mom. And if there are enough, I will have one, too. Goody!'

Then Tina Mina planted her other

surprise for Mommie, but I will not tell you yet what that was. When she had finished, she was most delighted with herself.

But there was more work to be done. She found her sand strainer and filled this with water. But, when she tried to carry it, of course the water ran through the holes and soaked her clothes. Tina

Mina looked at the strainer. 'That is funny,' she thought. 'There must be a leak in it somewhere. How will I sprinkle my garden?' But luckily it began to rain, so Tina Mina did not have to bother.

For eight whole days Tina Mina sat right next to her garden. She would

hardly move away for anything. She was waiting to see the seeds grow. But no little seedlings appeared above the earth. She waited and she waited.

One day, Mommie was getting ready to go to church and, as she put on her best shoes, she noticed that one of the shoe-trees, which she always kept in that pair of shoes, was missing. She could not find it anywhere.

Just then Tina Mina went by Mommie's room. She heard Mommie asking for the shoe-tree. Then, what do you think Tina Mina did? She jumped up and down and threw her arms around Mommie.

'Oh, Mommie! That's the other secret. I must tell you. I planted your shoe-tree in my own garden. I am sure it will grow into a big shoe-tree with shoes on every branch. There will be dancing shoes for me, and stubby black shoes for Nursie, and golf shoes for Dad, and the loveliest shiny, silver slippers for you.'

Tina Mina looked as if she thought Mommie would thank her for this surprise.

But Mommie was not glad at all. 'Tina Mina,' she said, 'you have planted every single thing in your garden wrong. You are the stupidest girl I have ever seen.'

Then Mommie dug up Tina Mina's whole garden. I would not like to tell you what Mommie said when she found her pretty blue shoe-tree all rusty and stained. But I will tell you this — Tina Mina was not allowed to have her own garden until she was nine years old. And then the gardener helped her plant it.

## IV

## TINA MINA GOES SWIMMING

Tina Mina was now six and a half years old. She thought she was old enough to learn how to swim.

Mommie was not so sure. But she was willing to have her try.

''Course I can swim, Mommie,' said Tina Mina. 'I'm very strong. See how big my muscles are.' And she blew out first one cheek and then the other.

'Silly Tina Mina, she really does

not know much of anything,' thought Mommie; but all she said was, 'Tina Mina, come get your bathing-things and take them to the bath-house.'

Tina Mina hurried off at once.

'Well, at least she will have sense enough to do that correctly,' thought Mommie.

But when Tina Mina came out of the house, what do you think she had with her? A raincoat and a pair of rubbers!!

'Tina Mina,' cried Mommie, 'whatever are you doing with those things?'

'I have to have a raincoat and rub-

bers when I go out into the wet. Nursie told me so.'

Mommie sent Tina Mina back again for her bathing-suit.

When they were in the bath-house, Tina Mina undressed herself so quickly that Daddy was proud of his daughter.

'You are a very clever little girl,' said he, and Tina Mina agreed with him. But Mommie didn't say anything.

'Hop into the water, Tina, dear,' he said. So Tina Mina did just as she was told. She held one leg up and hopped up and down into the water.

'Well, I didn't think you'd really hop in on one *leg*,' said Daddy. And you could see that he was a little surprised that his daughter was not more sensible.

'Ooh, the water is cold — Mommie, Mommie, let some warm water in.'

Daddy was astonished.

Suddenly Tina Mina began to cry — 'Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!' she wailed.

'What is the matter with that child?' said Daddy, and he looked more and more surprised.

'My bathing-suit leaks,' sobbed Tina Mina, and she began to cry louder than ever.

Then Daddy began to laugh. He laughed so loudly that you could hear the echo laughing too. 'Tina Mina, you are not the least bit clever. You are ridiculously stupid. You're supposed to feel the cool water creep over you. That's part of the fun. There's nothing the matter with that bathing-suit.'

That comforted Tina Mina and she was happy again.

Then Daddy began to teach her how to swim. He did not think it would be particularly easy.

'Don't be afraid,' he said. 'I will hold you. Now stroke very slowly.'

'Shall I stroke the water the way I do my pussy? Nice, good water,' said Tina Mina, and she stroked the water very gently.

'Stop that silly nonsense.'

Daddy showed Tina Mina the right way to kick.

But Tina Mina would not do it. 'It's naughty to kick,' she said. 'You know it is, Daddy.'

When Daddy heard this, he picked up Tina Mina and carried her out of the lake and put her on the beach. 'You'd better watch us, Tina Mina. You'll

learn more that way. Look at Mommie. Did you see her duck?'

'Whose duck? Mommie's? Mommie has no duck.' Tina Mina was very much interested.

Daddy looked at Tina Mina severely.

Tina Mina sat quietly looking out across the water, and she thought and

she thought. At last, what do you think she asked? 'Why are the waves called waves? I never see them wave to any one.'

This was too much for her Mommie and Daddy. Daddy told her to get dressed at once.

Tina Mina obeyed. But she hurried so much that she forgot to dry herself. She even forgot to take off her wet bathing-suit before putting on her clothes. When Mommie saw her, Tina Mina was shivering and cold. Drops of water trickled from her underwear. Mommie was anything but pleased and Daddy was as angry as could be.

'Tina Mina,' he said, 'I will never take you swimming again.'

'Not even when I am fifteen years old?' said Tina Mina.

'Not even when you are forty-seven years old,' Daddy answered.

## V

## TINA MINA GOES FISHING

Tina Mina was now six and three quarters years old. One day her Daddy decided to go fishing. Tina Mina thought she would like to go too.

Daddy didn't want to take Tina Mina with him very much, but when she begged him, he said; 'Well, we will try you out. I am going to catch some trout on Duck stream, and you may come with me.' 'After all,' he said to himself, 'I can certainly manage her. The trouble with Tina Mina is not that she is stupid, but that no one has bothered to teach her properly. Now I will see that she does things the right way.'

So when Tina Mina offered to get the fishing-tackle, Daddy said, 'That's fine, Tina,' and he explained to her very

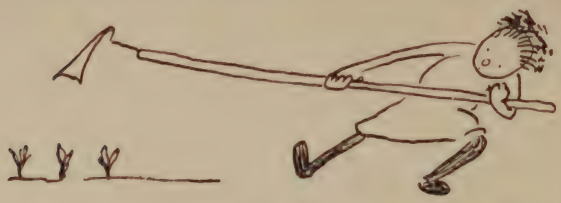
carefully just what she was to do. He told her to get a fishing-pole, a line, hooks and sinkers, a net, and worms for bait. He said it all over three times, and Tina Mina repeated it after him. 'Sure you understand?' said he.

'Sure as sure,' said Tina Mina, and ran to the house.

'There, that is the way to teach her things,' said Daddy. 'She won't do anything stupid *this* time.' And he settled down to read his newspaper.

Tina Mina wasted no time. She put on her white silk gloves, and ran to the garden. She wore gloves because she hated to touch the cold, slimy worms. Then she took a hoe and uprooted a row of young carrots and was just starting on a row of beets, when the gardener spied her.

'Stop that, young miss!' he shouted. 'How dare you spoil my garden?'



'I'm digging for worms,' explained Tina Mina. 'I want to get a pail full.' She had a clean milk pail which she was trying to fill with worms.

'Stop that!' growled the gardener. 'Your gloves are ruined and so is my garden.'

He gave Tina Mina a can that he had filled with worms that morning.

'Be off with you.'

Tina Mina thanked the gardener very politely.

Then she went to get the rest of the things. First she looked around for a strong clothes-line. Then she took some hooks and eyes from Nursie's sewing-basket.

'Now I have the hooks and the line and the worms. I'll get a net next.' She flew into her mother's bedroom and found a hair-net in the bureau drawer.

Then she brought out a large wash-basket from the laundry. 'In case we catch lots of trout,' she said.

'And now I need a sinker. What's that? Something to make the line sink, I guess.' Tina Mina kept on talking to herself, as she walked toward the lake. 'What would be good? I'll find out.' She took her hat and threw it into the water. 'No good,' she said. 'It floats. Let's try Mommie's eye-glasses. Goody! They sink.' They sank to the bottom so quickly that Tina Mina could not get them up again. But Tina Mina wasn't upset. For she had a bright idea. She threw in one of her shoes. It sank. 'That's it!' she cried.

'I'll use the other one for a sinker. Now I'm ready.'

She tied the clothes-line to a fishing-pole, fastened her shoe to the line, and sewed one of Mommie's hooks on the end of the line. She was just trying to sew a worm onto the hook, when Daddy arrived, eager to see how well his daughter was doing.

But when he saw the wash-basket, and the dangling shoe, and the card of hooks and eyes, and the clothes-line, he couldn't believe his eyes.

He was very angry, and he started to walk away. But Tina Mina looked up

at him so sadly and seemed so disappointed that Daddy decided to give her one more trial.

'Never mind, Tina,' said he. 'You *are* stupid, the stupidest girl I have ever seen, and there is no use trying to change you, but we'll go fishing all the same.' Then he began to laugh. He went to get the fishing-tackle himself, and at last they were off.

He paddled the boat up the stream, until they reached a pool, where alder bushes cast brown shadows darkly over the water. 'This is a good place to fish. Drop in your line, Tina Mina, and see if you can get a bite.' Daddy was anxious for Tina Mina to catch her first trout.

'I have a bite already,' said Tina Mina, scratching a mosquito bite.

'No, Tina Mina. I mean a trout bite. Throw in your line.'

So Tina Mina stood up and threw her

line, but she threw it into the alder bushes, where her hook caught tight. 'You are a nuisance,' said Daddy. He loosened her hook and threw her line into the water.

Soon Tina Mina felt a pull on her line. This time it was a trout bite. But Tina Mina did not know that. 'Bother!' she said. 'Something is trying to take my bait.' And she shook her rod so hard that the fish stopped biting.

'That's no way to fish, Tina Mina. When you feel another bite, jerk up your line.'

Again, Tina Mina felt a bite and she did what Daddy said. She jerked up her line so hard that she fell off her seat and turned a backward somersault in the boat. 'Where am I?' she screamed. It took Daddy some time to get Tina Mina straightened out again. Daddy could not stand this business any longer.

'Give me the rod. I am going to do the fishing,' said he, and he threw the line into the water again. 'If I hook a big trout you can help me land it. Did you bring a net?'

'Yes,' said Tina Mina.

She sat very quietly in the boat.

Daddy began to hum, but suddenly he stopped. He felt a tug at his line. He waited a second, and then jerked. The rod bent into a sharp curve. 'I have hooked a big fellow, Tina Mina. I'll bring him around in the

water. Then you slip the net under him.'

Daddy was too excited to notice that Tina Mina was getting Mommie's hair-net ready.

'Net him quickly, Tina Mina,' Daddy shouted, as the trout flopped near the edge of the boat.

Tina Mina tried to slip the hair-net under him but, of course, the fish broke through with a big splash. In another second it was off the hook and swimming away.

'See what you've done, you stupid child,' Daddy roared at Tina Mina.

'I'll save him, Dad. Don't worry!'

And with that she jumped right out into the lake after the fish.

Then Daddy had to do some real fishing. Tina Mina was spluttering and gurgling. She tried to hold on to the boat, but she got tangled up in the fishing-line. She began to cry, louder and louder. 'Help, help!' she screamed as loudly as she could. Daddy jumped in after Tina Mina and caught her by the hair. He finally pulled her out dripping wet from head to foot.

Streams of water oozed from all over — from her curls, from her chin, from her sleeves. She looked like a rainstorm. Daddy was furious. Tina Mina had ruined his fishing trip. He could hardly speak.

He put his rod in the boat. 'You're going right home, Tina Mina. I hope your mother hangs you out on the clothes-line to dry.'

So neither Tina Mina nor Daddy caught any trout. And Tina Mina was not allowed to go fishing again until she was fifty-five years old, although she begged very hard and very often.

## VI

## TINA MINA CATCHES COLD

Tina Mina was now seven years old. So she was allowed to sleep alone in the little nursery which was next to Nursie's room. Every morning Nursie came in to tell her when it was time to get up. But on this day, Nursie found poor little Tina Mina lying quietly in bed, with red eyes and a red nose.

Nursie pulled up the blinds.

She saw that Tina Mina had a cold. 'You had better stay in bed,' Nursie advised. 'Your nose is running.' Then she left the room. 'At least she can't do anything stupid while she's sick in bed,' she thought.

As soon as she was left alone, Tina Mina began to worry. If her nose was

running, as Nursie said, would it run away altogether? She held on to her nose.

'Oh, dear, I wish my Mommie would come,' thought Tina Mina. But she was too good to call out and bother her mother.

Then, just as if she were magic and able to make wishes come true, the door opened. There stood Mommie.

Tina Mina almost squeezed Mommie inside out. She was so happy to see her. 'Mommie, dear, I have caught a hot —

I mean a cold. Anyway, I don't feel well at all.'

Mommie hugged Tina Mina. 'Never mind, dear,' she said. 'Here are crayons and a pair of scissors for you to play with. I shall be back soon.'

Mommie was sorry that Tina Mina was sick, but she was glad that her little girl could not do anything foolish for one whole day.

Then Mommie went to telephone to Dr. Drake.

When Tina Mina was left alone, she worked busily. But what do you suppose she did? First she cut two queer-looking people out of her sheet and a blue dog out of her blanket. Then she drew a house on the wall for the two queer-looking people and the blue dog to live in. It was a big red house. Next, Tina Mina cut off some of her hair. This she twisted into a little

broom with which to sweep the house. Then she drew the chimney with green smoke pouring out, and after that, the tennis court. She was just drawing the Statue of Liberty and an apple tree, all on the wall, when Mommie came in with Dr. Drake.

'What are you doing, Tina Mina? You ought to be ashamed of yourself.' Mommie was quite angry.

Tina Mina couldn't understand why Mommie was angry. She thought she had made her nursery look much more cheerful.

Dr. Drake cleaned his glasses and looked at Tina Mina.

'So this is Tina Mina!' he said.

'So this is Dr. Drake!' echoed Tina Mina. She wanted to show off.

Dr. Drake turned to Mommie and asked, 'How is your patient?'

But before Mommie could reply,

Tina Mina answered: 'I am *not* a patient; I am impatient. I want to get up.' She was showing off dreadfully.

Dr. Drake took no notice of Tina Mina. He opened his bag and took out his instruments.

'Now I shall examine you,' he said.

Tina Mina did not know what that meant. She hoped it was a new game.

Dr. Drake thumped her lightly on her back and chest.

'Do it again,' she begged.

Dr. Drake tried to look stern. He asked Mommie for a spoon. 'Now, young lady, I am going to look down your throat. Please say, "Ah."'

'Yes, doctor, I will. I am very clever. I can say words that are much larger. I can say "chicken fricassee" and ——'

'Never mind that, Tina Mina. All I want you to say is "Ah."'

Dr. Drake looked down Tina Mina's throat. But when he told her to, she could not say anything at all.

Then Dr. Drake asked Tina Mina to stick out her tongue.

'Your tongue is coated, Missy,' he remarked.

Tina Mina giggled loudly. 'Isn't Dr. Drake funny, Mom? He says my tongue is coated. He thinks a tongue can wear a coat.' And Tina Mina rocked back and forth, laughing as hard as she could.

Dr. Drake became serious. He thought Tina Mina had been joking before. Suddenly he realized the trouble. 'Tina Mina is a nice girl, but she *is* stupid,' he said to himself. He did not tell this to Mommie because he did not want to worry her.

But Mommie knew all about Tina Mina's stupidity.

Dr. Drake went on examining Tina Mina. She thought he was trying to tickle her. 'I like doctors,' she said.

'Your little girl is not very sick,' Dr. Drake finished at last. 'She has caught a cold. Just keep her in bed until she is over it.'

Tina Mina did not say anything. She wondered if you could catch colds the way you could catch butterflies — in a net, perhaps.

Dr. Drake went on: 'Tina Mina needs medicine. I have just the thing. I keep a magnesia cow. It gives milk of magnesia when it is milked.' Dr. Drake winked at Mommie.

Tina Mina did not know he was joking. 'Do you have milk of magnesia ice

cream on Sundays? Ooo, I should hate that.' And Tina Mina shivered.

Dr. Drake patted Tina Mina kindly. 'Good-bye,' he said. 'I hope you will be well soon.' He left some powders for her to take and went out with Mommie.

Not long afterwards, Mommie heard screams. The screams came from Tina Mina's room. Mommie rushed in. There was no Tina Mina in bed. There was no Tina Mina to be seen. But on the floor, Mommie saw blankets and sheets in a heap. There was a funny lump in the middle of them. And from this lump came more screams. The lump was Tina Mina!

Mommie heard smothered sounds. 'I can't find my way back. I am lost. It's dark. I wish the sun would come out. Oh, dear!' Tina Mina was certainly frightened.

Mommie unwrapped the mess of

blankets and pulled out Tina Mina. She put her back into bed and made her cozy with two big, grown-up pillows behind her head. Tina Mina kept saying, 'Thank you, thank you, Mommie. You saved my life.'

After a while, Mommie came in with her medicine on a little tray. But Tina Mina was sweet and good and did not make a fuss. She took her medicine without a whimper. She gargled so well, and with so many trills, that Nursie said she sounded like a real canary.

And yet Tina Mina was not an easy patient to take care of. She used up the powders Dr. Drake had left, to powder her nose, and she refused to stay under the covers because she thought her toes needed lots of fresh air.

Mommie and Nursie were glad when Tina Mina could get up. They told

Tina Mina that they hoped she would not be sick again for a very long while. Not until she was sixty-seven years old at least.

## VII

## TINA MINA GOES ON A PICNIC

Tina Mina was now nearly seven and a quarter years old. One day her mother, her father, and her Aunt Polly planned to go off on a picnic. Mommie told Tina Mina to be a good girl while they were away.

But, for once, Tina Mina did not want to be good. She was very angry. She stamped her foot. 'I want to come

too!' she cried. 'If you don't take me, I'll scream and bite my nails, and suck my thumb.'

'Tina Mina, what are you saying?' Mommie laughed as she looked at Tina Mina, red with anger.

'Don't laugh, Mommie,' Tina Mina went on. 'I'll do dreadful things if you leave me home. I'll — I'll burst off every button I can, when I sit down. So there!' And then Tina Mina began to cry.

Mommie wanted to leave Tina Mina at home more than ever. But just then Aunt Polly came along, and when she saw Tina Mina crying, she felt very sorry for her. 'Oh, let's take her with us, poor child; she won't be any bother. I'm sure she'll be good.'

Mommie tried to tell Aunt Polly how

stupid Tina Mina was, but Aunt Polly wouldn't listen. 'I'll take care of the dear child myself,' said she. And so it was decided that Tina Mina would go on the picnic.

Mommie told Tina Mina to go and put on her picnic clothes and to meet them at the boat-house when she was ready.

Aunt Polly was delighted that Tina Mina was coming with them.

But Mommie was worried for fear Tina Mina would do something stupid. She hated to have any one know that her little girl was not especially bright.

And as for Daddy, he just shook his head. 'Wait till you've been with her for a while.'

They had reached the boat-house now and were waiting for Tina Mina.

They hadn't been there long when they heard Tina Mina's footsteps outside. Ah, at last they were ready to shove

off! Just then Tina Mina appeared in the doorway. She was dressed in her best fluffy hat, and what is more, she carried in her hand a light green parasol!!

Daddy was so disgusted that he dropped the end of the canoe 'plop!' so that it made a splash way up to the roof of the boat-house. 'Why did you wear *those* things?' he said sternly.

And Tina Mina, instead of being ashamed, said gayly, 'I thought my reflection in the lake would look nicer.'

'If you are not stupid, then I've never seen any one who is,' said Daddy and turned his back on Tina Mina.

But Aunt Polly felt sorry that Daddy was so cross to his little daughter. 'Don't talk that way to her,' said she. 'She is young, not stupid. After all, you must remember that she's never been on a picnic before.'

Daddy did not answer. He did not

know whether to laugh or be angry. He thought he would have a little fun with Tina Mina. He told Mommie and Aunt Polly to get into one canoe. Then he looked at Tina Mina and scowled. 'And I will paddle you,' said he in a loud voice.

Tina Mina was frightened to death. Her eyes grew as big as saucers. 'Oh, Daddy, don't paddle me! Don't paddle me!' she screamed. 'I'm a good girl,' and she sobbed and cried.

And then Daddy began to laugh, and the more Tina Mina cried, the louder he laughed. Finally he took her in his arms and set her down in the canoe. 'There are more ways than *one* to paddle people,' said he. 'See here, Tina Mina, *this* is the way *I* meant.' And he dipped his paddle into the smooth water, and headed out of the boat-house.

At last they were off. The canoe slid

through the cool water, and Tina Mina was smiling. She was as pleased as anything to be along. By the time they reached the place where the picnic was to be, she was in high spirits. She was the first to jump out of the canoe.

Mommie and Aunt Polly arrived just behind them. The canoes were pulled up on shore and soon everybody went to work.

For a while all went well. Mommie and Aunt Polly found a nice shady spot under a pine tree and began to unpack the luncheon basket.

Daddy started to build the fire and Tina Mina helped him. She brought him a big armful of sticks. Aunt Polly was watching her.

'Good for you, Tina Mina!' said she. 'Get all the dry twigs you can find. Just see how smart your daughter is,' she said to Daddy.

Tina Mina and Daddy worked hard. First they laid the small sticks and then they put on some heavier ones and finally a log or two on top.

'The fire is ready to light, Tina Mina,' said Daddy. He seemed quite excited and very much pleased. He had a handful of birch-bark peelings which he stuffed under the lowest sticks. 'Do you know how to light a fire, Tina Mina?'

Tina Mina said that she did. She really had never lit one before, but she thought she knew everything without learning it.

'Then you may light this one,' said Daddy, and he called out to Mommie and Aunt Polly. 'We are ready, we are ready. Come and see Tina Mina light the fire.' And he gave her a match and told her to scratch it while he held the box. Mommie and Aunt Polly were

watching her and she wanted to show off. She took the match proudly and scratched it with her fingers!

Well! when Tina Mina did *this*, even Aunt Polly couldn't help thinking that she had seen other little girls who were smarter than *that*. Mommie was ashamed, and as for Daddy he didn't say a word. He just snatched the match from Tina Mina and lit it himself. He placed it in the birch bark and at once the fire flared up.

Tina Mina's foolishness was forgotten in the fun of watching the yellow flames. They touched one stick after another until even the big logs had little flames crawling over them. It was a beautiful sight. The dry twigs snapped and sputtered in the coziest way possible.

And then the cooking began. Daddy broiled the steak. Mommie fixed the

potatoes and Aunt Polly was in charge of the coffee.

Tina Mina asked Aunt Polly if she could help her. She loved Aunt Polly so much, and besides, she wanted to show her that she really was a very smart little girl even if she couldn't strike a match properly. Aunt Polly said she might help. She did not like to think that Tina Mina was as stupid as her Daddy said.

'I will toast the bread,' said Tina Mina. 'I know all about it.'

'Sure you don't want me to show you how?' asked Aunt Polly.

'No, indeed,' said Tina Mina. 'You see I know how already.' So Aunt

Polly gave her the loaf of bread and at once Tina Mina disappeared.

'She is probably getting a sharp stick for the toast,' thought Aunt Polly. She was sure that Tina Mina could be very smart.

Tina Mina did not come back right away, and pretty soon Mommie began to miss her, and when after a few more minutes Tina Mina still was out of sight, Mommie began to look for her. She went up the beach a long way and down the beach, but there was no Tina Mina. She searched behind some rocks, and in the scrubby bushes. Still there was no sight of Tina Mina. Mommie grew anxious. She called, 'Tina Mina! Tina, dear! Tina, where are you?' — louder and louder. No answer. Daddy got up and called too. Aunt Polly followed Mommie. She was worried lest something dreadful should have hap-

pened to Tina Mina. They looked everywhere they could think of, and finally, when Mommie was getting very excited, they found a little path that led back into the woods. 'Oh, dear, what could have happened to Tina Mina!' cried Aunt Polly. They hurried down the path as quickly as they could go, more and more worried about their poor little girl every step. When all of a sudden, as they came around a turn in the path, whom should they see but Tina Mina calmly sitting under a pine

tree, and, well, they could hardly believe their eyesight, but there, three feet in front of Tina Mina, on a low bough of the tree, was stuck the whole loaf of bread. A branch of the tree ran right through it from end to end! Tina Mina was watching it carefully. 'When will it turn into toast?' asked she, quite as if they had been there all along.

'Never!' roared Daddy. Tina Mina looked so disappointed that it was all Daddy could do to keep from laughing, but all he said was, 'I suppose you think you are very smart.'

Mommie was so ashamed she could hardly speak, and she was angry, too, because Tina had frightened them all so much. And as for Aunt Polly, she turned to Daddy and said, 'I think you have the stupidest child I have ever seen in the world.' And she meant it.

After that, Aunt Polly wasn't sur-

prised at *anything* Tina Mina did on the picnic. When she put her paper plate in the fire with all the food still on it, every one said it was just what you would expect a stupid girl to do. When she crawled into the lunch basket so that she would be ready to travel as soon as it was time to go home, or when she poured a pail of water over herself in

hopes that she would hiss and sizzle like the fire, Mommie and Daddy and Aunt Polly said, 'Well, Tina Mina cannot do or say anything that is not stupid.'

You would have thought that by this time Tina Mina would have some idea that she really was not a joy on a picnic, but the last thing she said as she stepped into the canoe was, 'Mommie, how soon can I go on a picnic again?'

'I hope I *never* take you on another picnic,' answered Daddy.

'Not even when I am eighteen years old?' asked Tina Mina, hopefully.

'Tina Mina,' said Daddy very seriously, 'if you were *twenty-five*, you wouldn't have enough sense to be taken on a picnic; if you were *forty*, you wouldn't know how to strike a match; and even if you got to be *seventy-five*, you'd be too stupid to make a ham sandwich!'

## VIII

## TINA MINA GOES TRAVELING

TINA MINA was now seven and a half years old.

One day Mommie and Daddy were going to Boston on the train, and, as there was no one that wanted to take care of Tina Mina while they were away, they had to take her with them.

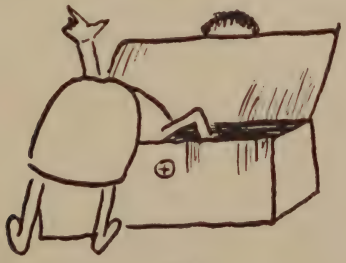
'What shall I put in my suitcase, Mom?' asked Tina Mina. (She always said 'Mom' when she felt especially clever.)

'Put in just as little as you possibly can, my child. The less you take, the lighter your suitcase will be.' Mommie told her to put in her slippers, her brush and comb, her toothbrush, and her night clothes.

Tina Mina went off to pack.

'I will be very clever this time,' she said. 'I will do just as Mommie says. I will even do it better than she said, for I will make the suitcase so light that I can hardly feel it at all.'

She pulled out one bristle from her toothbrush, another bristle from her hairbrush, and one tooth from her comb. She put these carefully into one of her best envelopes. 'Now let me see. I will need a kimono. But I won't take a pair of pajamas. That would be too much. I'll just take the top.' And she put the envelope and the pajama coat into her suitcase. When she had finished her packing, she put news-



paper and camphor balls on top to keep the moths out. 'What a good housekeeper I am!' she said, smiling at her own cleverness.

When Mommie came into the room, she took one look at the things in the suitcase, and then she said, 'Tina Mina, how could you be so stupid?'

Mommie had to repack everything. But Tina Mina could not understand why Mommie seemed so upset.

### IN THE EVENING

It was late when Tina Mina got into the sleeping train. Mommie had explained to her that they would have to sit up until the conductor came through, and told Tina Mina to be quiet because every one else was asleep.

But Tina Mina was full of talk and questions. She looked out of the window. 'Oooo, Mommie, look!' she called

noisily. 'I saw some telegraph poles move, and the trees are moving, too. Oh, there goes a house!'

'Hush!' whispered Mommie. 'The trees seem to be moving because the train is going so fast.'

'Now that is an interesting idea, Mom,' said Tina Mina, and she tried to look extremely clever.

Daddy turned to Mommie and said, 'I told you we should have left her at home.'

But Mommie still hoped that the day would come when Tina Mina would behave nicely. Perhaps she would begin right now.

Tina Mina sat quietly for a while, humming to herself.

Suddenly she jumped up and looked across the aisle. Between the curtains of the berth opposite stuck somebody's foot.

'I wonder if it is real?' asked Tina Mina.

'Is *what* real?' grumbled Daddy.

'*That*,' she replied, pointing.

'Shame on you, Tina Mina,' said Mommie. 'That is none of your business. Sit down and be quiet.'

Tina Mina sat.

But in a few minutes Daddy and Mommie went out to sit in the observation car while their berths were being made up, and they left Tina Mina behind them.

No sooner had they left the car than that silly child took her hairbrush and went across the aisle and tickled the foot.

It kicked!

It knocked the brush out of Tina Mina's hand, and sent Tina Mina sprawling on the floor. Phew! and what a commotion there was behind the

curtains! And then a head all prickly with curl-papers looked out. 'How dare you?' she shouted at Tina Mina, and she shook her head violently, and all the curl-papers shook too.

Tina Mina got up and smiled sweetly. 'I hope I did not frighten you. I just wanted to see if you were real. Now you may go to sleep again. But you *do* look funny,' she added.

'Indeed!' said the furious lady. She snatched Tina Mina's hairbrush, turned Tina Mina upside down, and gave her three hard whacks.

Tina Mina yelled the loudest yell you have ever heard. At once people's heads began to stick out of the green curtains — heads with angry faces, women's and men's faces of all ages. They all wanted to find out from where this bothersome noise was coming. Then they spied Tina Mina. 'Have you

been causing all this trouble?' they roared.

'No,' said Tina Mina, anxious to tell the truth. 'It was the lady's foot.'

At this remark both lady and foot disappeared behind the curtains.

'Come here,' said an angry man's voice.

Tina Mina, always obedient, went to him.

He caught the child around her waist, turned her over, and spanked her roundly.

'Pass her along!' said another voice. She was spanked again. 'Me too!' 'And me!' voices clamored on both sides all the way down the car. Tina Mina cried louder and louder. She was spanked again and again. And her crying did no good at all, for it was not until every single person in that car had had his turn, that poor Tina Mina,

weeping and wailing, was allowed to crawl back to her own berth. There she threw herself on top of the covers and sobbed herself to sleep.

When Daddy and Mommie came

back, they found her there. 'Poor little thing,' said Mommie, 'she was all tired out.' She undressed her carefully and put her to bed without waking her up.

Daddy and Mommie never knew what Tina Mina had done when they were away, and luckily Tina Mina never told them.

### THE NEXT MORNING

But, by the next morning, Tina Mina felt clever again. She had forgotten all the spankings of the night before.

Mommie waked her at seven o'clock and told her to dress quickly.

When Tina Mina was ready for breakfast, she followed her parents into the dining car. As she walked between the rows of tables, the train lurched suddenly. Tina Mina fell on top of a

waiter who was balancing a tray on three fingers. The tray upset, and the warm coffee trickled over a gentleman's grey suit.

'Am I not clever?' laughed Tina Mina to the waiter. 'If I hadn't fallen on you, I might have bumped myself badly.'

'Clever, indeed!' growled the gentleman, who had a brown pool of coffee in

his lap. And he picked up Tina Mina and spanked her hard.

'Sit down, Tina Mina,' said Daddy. 'And do try to be sensible.' He called the waiter and gave him their order. 'And I want my oatmeal served *hot*,' he added.

Now Tina Mina hated bread crusts, and she always tried to hide them so nobody would find out that she did not eat them. On the table she saw a dish covered with a silver top. When no one was looking, she lifted the cover and slipped all the crusts underneath.

Daddy was ready for his oatmeal. He lifted up the silver cover which was keeping it warm. What do you think he saw? He saw his favorite porridge covered with horrid broken bits of bread crusts. Tina Mina was terribly surprised. She never thought that he would look under that cover.

But Daddy was furious. 'This is a disgusting mess,' he said. 'You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Tina Mina. Next time we'll leave you home, I promise you.'

And Daddy kept his promise.

## IX

## TINA MINA GOES TO A PARTY

TINA MINA was now eight whole years old. She was not a *little* girl any more. She was growing up, and Mommie felt sure that from now on Tina Mina would be a sensible child like other girls and boys who were as old as she.

One day the postman brought her an invitation to a party.

Mommie said she might go.

Oh! but Tina Mina was excited. For the next few days she could think of nothing but the party. She talked about it all the time — even in her sleep! She bought a present, too, for Charlotte, the little girl who was giving the party. It was a small wind-up automobile — one that Tina Mina had always looked at longingly.

And now at last the great day came. Mommie told Tina Mina exactly what to do and say, and laid Tina Mina's party dress out for her. Mommie had bought it especially for Tina Mina to wear on this day. It was lovely.

Then Mommie went out after kissing Tina Mina good-bye.

The minute Mommie was gone, Tina Mina ran to put on her party dress. She could not wait for Nursie to help her. There the dress lay on Mommie's

bed, a French frock it was and pleated all around. And now I have to tell you the awful thing that Tina Mina did. When she set eyes upon those pleats, she thought they were wrinkles! Her one idea was to get them out at once! First she ran and got some heavy books

and put them on top of the frock. Then she sat herself on top of the books. Then she bounced. Finally she thought the frock was ready to wear. But it did not look like a party dress any more. The pleats were quite out. But Tina Mina thought she looked especially fine. She went out to show herself to Nursie.

But when Tina Mina reached the kitchen, Nursie seemed very busy. So Tina Mina put on her own shoes and socks, and hat and coat.

As she started out the door, Nursie called out to her: 'And mind you don't get your rubbers dirty, there's plenty of puddles to-day between here and Charlotte's house.'

Tina Mina promised. Then she dashed out.

Charlotte lived just one street away, so Tina Mina could go alone. She remembered that she was not to get her rubbers muddy, so she took them off and carried them. By the time she reached Charlotte's house, her white shoes were covered over one inch thick with the muddiest mud you have ever seen. But Tina Mina thought that she was very smart to have managed so well.

As soon as she reached Charlotte's

house, she rushed up to her and gave her the present she had brought. 'Happy birthday,' she said. 'You may play with the automobile until I go home. Then I shall have to take it with me.' No wonder Tina Mina had brought Charlotte a present which she, herself, liked! Charlotte thanked her politely, but she thought Tina Mina was very rude.

Children were arriving every minute, and soon all were there, and the games began. First, there was a peanut hunt. 'Find all the peanuts you can, children,' said Charlotte's mother. 'The one who finds the most will get a prize. Now go!' And Charlotte's mother gave them each a paper bag in which to put the peanuts.

But Tina Mina did not know what the paper bag was for. She ate the peanuts as fast as she found them, and she counted them as she ate, and when the game was over, Tina Mina had not one single peanut in her bag, but she insisted that she had found twenty-two. When the children heard that Tina Mina had gobbled hers all up, they laughed and laughed at her. But Tina Mina did not see the joke.

'Here is the booby prize for you, my dear.' Charlotte's mother handed Tina Mina a white box.

'I don't like booby surprises,' Tina Mina said as she looked in the box and found it was empty.

'All ready now for the next game,' called Charlotte's mother, and the children crowded around her while she explained it. (All except Tina Mina, of course, for she was so smart that she knew everything before it was told to her.)

It was a potato race, and the children took their places and started to carry the potatoes one by one in a spoon, as they had been told to do. But when Tina Mina saw this, she thought they were very stupid. She had a much better idea, she thought. Quick as a wink she gathered up all the potatoes in her skirt and started to run with them. The first thing she knew she tripped and fell flat on the floor, and the potatoes rolled in all directions.

She did not like that very much, but she picked herself up and gathered all

the potatoes, and as fast as she could ran and dumped them in the bowl at the other end of the room. 'There!' she shouted joyfully. 'I am finished first.' And she ran to tell Charlotte's mother. Tina Mina never understood why she did not get the prize.

After this Charlotte's mother tried to explain each game to Tina Mina very carefully so that she would understand.

But Tina Mina would not listen. So, of course, she did not manage any better with the other games. The children said to each other, 'Tina Mina's a

stupid girl.' They even pointed it out to Charlotte's mother.

But Charlotte's mother said: 'Nonsense! Tina Mina isn't stupid. She has never been to a party before. That's all.' I think, though, that she was probably just being polite.

Then she showed the children how to play a game called 'Going to Jerusalem.' Perhaps you have played it. It was the last game of all. The chairs were arranged in a circle, and some one played the piano. The children were told to try to find chairs to sit on, when the music stopped. So what do you think Tina Mina did? She sat right down on a chair, and refused to budge. 'You see I shall always be sitting on a chair, when the music stops,' she explained proudly. By doing this, she nearly spoiled the game. All the other children were angry with her and began

to make faces at her and even call her names. In fact, there would have been

a terrible scene if Charlotte's mother had not come in just then and told every one that supper was ready. Then the children stopped quarreling with Tina Mina at once and ran into the dining-room and found places for themselves at the table.

How beautiful the table was! The children were so delighted to see it that they forgot all about Tina Mina for a minute. Tina Mina, too, was enjoy-

ing herself, in her own way, of course. She used her colored paper hat for a napkin and some of the green paint came off on her face. She even tried to suck up her porridge through a straw. But she was not very successful. She loved doing everything in a different way from everybody else. The other children were enjoying themselves immensely. They all had two helpings of ice cream. And now in the midst of all this there was a hush. The pantry door was opened wide and through it came the waitress carrying high up over everybody's head Charlotte's birthday cake! It was covered with shiny white icing, and decorated besides with pink sweet peas made of candied sugar. And all around it seven lighted candles sparkled and flickered! It was a beautiful sight! The children gasped, 'Ooo.' The cake looked almost magic.

Then every one began to think how good it would taste when, suddenly, Tina Mina jumped up and screamed: 'Fire! Fire!' She grabbed her glass of water and her finger-bowl, and poured the contents of both over the candles

and all over the cake! 'There, I put the fire out. It's good I was so brave.'

Charlotte's mother had tried to keep Tina Mina from throwing the water, but alas, she was too late. The cake was dripping wet and soggy. The chil-

dren were very angry with Tina Mina, some of them were all ready to cry.

'Never mind my dears,' said Charlotte's mother very quickly. 'We'll make our birthday wishes just the same, even if the cake is spoiled.' She said that the children might each make a wish for Charlotte and a secret one for themselves besides. Then the children smiled again and wished all kinds of nice things for Charlotte. One wished that Charlotte would have many more happy birthdays. Another wished that he might be invited again to Charlotte's party. Then came Tina Mina's turn. I am almost afraid to tell you what it was she wished. She drew a deep breath and said, in a loud tone of voice, 'I wish I could go home right now.'

When Tina Mina said that, the room became suddenly as quiet as the night.

There was not even the least, least little sound.

Charlotte's mother came to where Tina Mina sat. She picked her up and without a word put her into her hat and coat and set her outside the door. Tina Mina went home.

When she reached her own house and told Mommie about the party, Mommie cried and cried, for now she knew that Tina Mina was the stupidest child in the world and that she would never improve. Daddy knew it too, and Aunt Polly, and now *everybody* knew it.

And I am sorry to say that Tina Mina did not receive another invitation to a party until she was an old, old lady, perhaps nearly a hundred years old, and then it was to an afternoon sewing circle.

So you see Tina Mina never became clever. She may have turned over a

new leaf, but I'm sure she didn't do it the way most people do!

Aren't you glad you are not stupid, like Tina Mina?

THE END

# THE INDIAN TWINS

*By Lucy Fitch Perkins*

VERY early one cold March morning Beaver Boy and Pigeon, the children of Chief Two Bears, woke in the big tepee that stood in the Indian village among the hills of the great Northwest. Red Feather, their young uncle, was there, to take them on all sorts of exciting expeditions. There were fish in the streams and small game — and some that was not so small — in the forest and on the plain. There was old Wicaka, the dog, and Lightning and Sleepy Eye, the ponies — and, best of all, there was Bright Eyes, the small new baby brother. A long happy summer followed. Every day was full of adventure. When October came, the tribe took its way back to winter camp through hostile country.

Mrs. Perkins has added a little masterpiece to the shelf of Twins. Beaver Boy and Pigeon will take their places in the very front rank of her young heroes and heroines. The book is profusely illustrated by the author.

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